

“Whichever Road Taken”

by Jessica

Two roads diverged in a jungle green
And sorry I could not travel both
To discover all that each could mean
Or remember the future, sight unseen
Toward certain beatitude and growth

The first path of balanced night and day
Looked more like the dream back when
But planetary forces don't always play
In harmonious and expected ways
So you search for the open road again

For all my days I could bounce and roam
Hay tantos caminos por andar, Oh my soul!
With the poems of my species I am home
The sounds of human life in a restless OM
All stories and roads lead back to the whole ∞

This will be what I've learned and taught
Somewhere in ageless lifetimes hence:
Beauty is not to be found or caught
You carry it with you or find it not
And that is what makes the difference.



For reference:

“The Road Not Taken” by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.